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Handel's Centenary Festival,

Wednesday, 13th April, 1859.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

JOHAS MACCABEUS. I AM ISRAEL'S MESSIAH.
SIMON, HIS BROTHER. I AM ISRAEL'S MESSIAH.

ARGUMENT.

HANDEL'S

ORATORIO,

Judas Maccabæus.

QUEBEC:

P. SINCLAIR,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, BOOKBINDER, & PRINTER,

Saving's Bank Block, John Street.

1859.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS. | AN ISRAELITISH MESSENGER.
SIMON, HIS BROTHER. | ISRAELITISH MEN & WOMEN.

ARGUMENT.

PART I.—Lamentations for the death of Mattathias, (the father of Judas Maccabeus and Simon,) by whom the Jewish people had been roused to resist the cruelties and oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Syrian King, in his attempt to suppress their religion and liberties.—The divine favor invoked.—Judas recognised as leader.—Appeal to the patriotism of the people, and their response.—The value of liberty.—Preparations for war.—Pious trust in God, and heroic resolve to conquer or die.

PART II.—Celebration of the victories gained over the armies of Apollonius the Governor of Samaria, and Seron the Deputy Governor of Cœlesyria; and the valour of Judas.—Renewal of war by a division of the Syrian army from Egypt, under Georgias, and despondency it occasions amongst the Israelites.—Judas again arouses the failing courage of the people, and they set out to meet the enemy.—Those who remain behind, utter their detestation of the Heathen Idolatries, by which the Sanctuary at Jerusalem had been desecrated, and their determination only to worship the God of Israel.

PART III.—Feast of the dedication at Jerusalem, after Judas and his followers had recovered and restored the Sanctuary, and re-established the liberties of his country.—Return of Judas from his final victory over Nicanor and his confederates.—Celebration of peace, and national thanksgiving.

Part the First.

OVERTURE.

SCENE.—*Modin.*

ISRAELITES, *Men and Women, lamenting the death of*
MATTATHIAS, *Father of* JUDAS MACCABEUS.

CHORUS.

Mourn, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains,
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er;
Your hero, friend, and father is no more.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Man.*

Well may your sorrows, brethren, flow
In all th' expressive signs of woe;
Your softer garments tear,
And squalid sackcloth wear.
Your drooping heads with ashes strew,
And with the flowing tear your cheeks bedew.

Israelitish Woman.

Daughters, let your distressful cries
And loud lament ascend the skies;
Your tender bosoms beat, and tear
With hands remorseless, your dishevell'd hair:
For pale and breathless, Mattathias lies,
Sad emblem of his country's miseries.

DUET.

From this dread scene, these adverse pow'rs
Ah! whither shall we fly?
O Solyma, thy boasted tow'rs
In smoky ruins lie!

CHORUS.

For Sion lamentation make
With words that weep and tears that speak.

RECIT.—*Simon.*

Not vain is all this storm of grief,
To wend our sorrows gives relief.
Wretched indeed; but let not Judah's race
Their ruin, with desponding arms embrace.
Distractful doubt, and desperation,
Ill become the Chosen Nation,
Chosen by the great I AM,
The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,
We trust will give attentive ear
To the sincerity of pray'r.

AIR.—*Israelitish Woman.*

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent pray'rs
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain His love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whose Almighty pow'r
The heav'ns, and earth, and seas adore,
The hearts of Judah, Thy delight,
In one defensive band unite,
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.—*Simon.*

I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright Cherubim between,
His radiant glory, erst display'd,
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,

And points out Maccabeus to their aid
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands;
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengtben your
hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
The spirit of our fathers, famed of old
For their exploits in war;—Oh, may their fire
With active courage you, their sons, inspire;
As when the mighty Joshua fought,
And those amazing wonders wrought,
Stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun,
Till kings he had destroy'd, and kingdoms won.

AIR.

Call forth thy pow'rs, my soul, and dare
The conflict of unequal war:
Great is the glory of the conquering sword
That triumphs in sweet liberty restor'd.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*

To Heav'n's Almighty King we kneel,
For blessings on this exemplary zeal.
Bless him, Jehovah, bless him, and once more
To Thy own Israel liberty restore.

AIR.

O Liberty, thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure ;
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearment worth caressing.

AIR.*

[Come ever smiling liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train ;
For thee we pant and sigh, for thee
With whom eternal pleasures reign.]

RECIT.*—*Israelitish Men.*

[O Judas, may these noble views inspire
All Israel with thy true heroic fire.]

AIR.*

[Tis liberty ! dear liberty alone !
That gives fresh beauty to the sun ;
That bids all nature look more gay,
And lovely life with pleasure steal away.]

DUET.*

[Come ever-smiling liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train ;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal pleasures reign.]

CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

So will'd my Father, now at rest
In the eternal mansions of the blest,

All those Airs, &c., marked thus * are usually omitted.

"Can ye behold," said he, "the miseries
"In which the long insulted Judah lies ?
"Can ye behold their dire distress,
"And not, at least, attempt redress ?"
Then faintly, with expiring breath,
"Resolve, my Sons, on liberty or death."

Accompanied.

We come, O see, thy sons prepare
The rough habiliments of war,
With hearts intrepid and revengeful hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread commands.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That Thy pow'r, O Jehovah, all nations may
know.

RECIT.*—*Judas.*

[Ambition ! if e'er honour was thine aim,
The glorious cause gives sanction to thy claim.]

AIR.*

[No unhallow'd desire our breasts shall inspire,
Nor lust of unbounded power ;
But peace to obtain, free peace let us gain,
And conquest shall ask no more.]

RECIT.—*Judas.*

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field,
Dependent on the Lord, our strength, and shield.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on Thee we call,
Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall.

Part the Second.

SCENE.—*The same.*

The ISRAELITES celebrating the return of JUDAS from the victories over APOLLONIUS and SERON.

CHORUS.

Fall'n is the foe; so fall Thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wield's his righteous sword.

RECIT.*—*Israelitish Man.*

[Victorious hero! fame shall tell,
With her last breath, how Apollonius fell;
And all Samaria fled, by thee pursued
Through hills of carnage and a sea of blood;
While thy resistless prowess dealt around
With their own leader's sword the deathful
wound;

Thus, too, the haughty Seron, Syria's boast,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd host.]

AIR.*

[So rapid thy course is,
Not numberless forces
Withstand thy all-conquering sword;
Though nations surround thee,
No power shall confound thee,
Till freedom again be restored.]

RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*

Well may we hope our freedom to receive,
Such sweet transporting joys thy actions give.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Sion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to song of praise.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*

O let eternal honours crown his name,
Judas, first Worthy in the rolls of fame;
Say, "He put on the breast-plate as a giant,
"And girt his warlike harness about him.
"In his acts he was like a lion,
"And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey,"

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile.
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Hail, hail Judea, happy land!
Salvation prospers in his hand.

RECIT.*—*Judas.*

[Thanks to my brethren: but look up to Heav'n!
To Heav'n let all glory and all praise begiv'n;
To Heav'n give your applause, nor add the
second cause,
As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, "The sword of God and Gideon."
It was the Lord that for his Israel fought,
And this our wonderful salvation wrought."]

AIR.*

How vain is man who boasts in fight
The valour of gigantic might,
And dreams not that a hand unseen
Directs and guides this weak machine.]

ENTER AN *Israelitish Messenger.*

RECIT.—*Messenger.*

O Judas, O my brethren!

New scenes of bloody war
In all their horrors rise.

Prepare, prepare,

Or soon we fall a sacrifice

To great Antiochus : From th' Egyptian coast
(Where Ptolomy hath Memphis and Pelusium
lost)

He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands

His proud victorious bands

To root our Israel's strength, and to erase

Ev'ry memorial of the sacred place.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Ah ! wretched, wretched Israel ! fall'n how low,
From joyous transport to desponding woe.

RECIT.—*Simon.*

Be comforted—Nor think these plagues are sent
For your destruction, but for chastisement.

Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin

May feel its own demerits from within,

And urge not utter ruin—Turn to God,

And draw a blessing from His iron rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh wonders

His glory to raise,

And still as He thunders,

Is fearful in praise.

RECIT.—*Judas.*

My arms ! against this Gorgias will I go.

The Idumean Governor shall know

How vain, how ineffective his design,

While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR.

Sound an alarm—Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave around.
Who listeth, follow :—To the field again—
Justice, with courage, is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call ;
And follow thee to conquest :—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

[Exit Judas with the Army.]

RECIT.*—*Simon.*

[Enough ! to Heav'n we leave the rest,
Such gen'rous ardour firing ev'ry breast,
We may divide our cares.
The field be thine, O Judas, and the Sanctuary
mine.

For Sion, holy Sion, seat of God,
In ruinous heaps is by the heathen trod ;
Such profanation calls for swift redress,
If e'er in battle Israel hopes success.]

AIR.*

[With pious hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion, we thy call attend,
Nor dread the nations that defy us,
God our defender, God our friend.]

RECIT.*—*Israelitish Man.*

[Ye worshippers of God !
Down, down with the polluted altars, down ;
Hurl Jupiter Olympus from his throne,
Nor reverence Bacchus with his ivy crown
And ivy wreathed rod !
Our fathers never knew him, or his hated crew,
Or, knowing, scorn'd such idol vanities.]

Israelitish Woman.

No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
Wild with delusion, pay their nightly song
To Ashtoreth, yclep'd the Queen of Heav'n;
Hence to Phœnicia be the goddess driv'n;
Or be she, with her priests and pageants hurl'd
To the remotest corner of the world;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

AIR.

Wise men, flatt'ring, may deceive you
With their vain mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you
Nor can heal the wounded heart,
But true wisdom can relieve you,
Godlike wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove.

DUET.—*Israelitish Women.*

O never, never, bow we down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone:
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to His awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone:
We worship God, and God alone.

Part the Third.

SCENE I.—*Mount Simon.*

ISRAELITISH PRIESTS, &c., *having recovered the Sanctuary.*

AIR.—*Priest.*

Father of Heav'n, from Thy eternal throne,
Look with an eye of blessing down,
While we prepare with holy rites,
To solemnize the Feast of Lights.
And thus our grateful hearts employ,
And in Thy praise
This altar raise
With carols of triumphant joy.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.—*Israelitish Man.*

See, see you flames, that from the altar broke,
In spiry streams pursue the trailing smoke;
The fragrant incense mounts the yielding air,
Sure presage that the Lord hath heard our pray'r.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long woes may
cease,
And Judah's daughters taste the calm of peace;
Sons, brothers, husbands, so bewail no more,
Tortur'd at home, or havock'd in the war.

AIR.

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure strains of Jesse's Son.

RECIT.*—*Israelitish Messenger.*

[From Capharsalama, on eagle wings I fly,
With tidings of impetuous joy !
Came Lysias, with his host array'd
In coat of mail ! their massy shield.
Of gold and brass flash'd lightning o'er the
fields,
While the huge tow'r-back'd elephant display'd
A horrid front ; but Judas, undismay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful train,
Yet more, Nicanor lies with thousands slain ;
The blasphemous Nicanor, who defied
The living God, and in his wanton pride
A public monument ordained
Of victories yet ungained.
But lo ! the conqueror comes ; and on his spear,
To dissipate all fear,
He bears the vaunter's head and hand.
That threaten'd desolation to the land.]

SCENE II.—*Near Jerusalem.*

ISRAELITISH YOUTHS AND MAIDENS *meeting* JUDAS *on*
his return from the victory over NICANOR.

SEMI-CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance ;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;

Sports prepare, the laurels bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

A MARCH.—SOLO AND CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high affections raise
To crown this conquest with unmeasur'd praise.

RECIT.*—*Judas*.

[Sweet flow the strains that strike my feasted
ear;

Angels might stoop from Heav'n to hear
The comely song we sing

To Israel's Lord and King.

But pause awhile: due obsequies prepare
To those who bravely fell in war.

To Eleazar special tribute pay;

Through slaughter'd troops he cut his way

To the distinguish'd elephant, and, 'whelm'd
beneath

The deep-stabb'd monster,

Triumph'd in a glorious death.]

AIR.*

[With honour let desert be crown'd,

The trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound,

But all attentive to alarms

The willing nations fly to arms,

And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the prize

Of happy earth, or far more happy skies.]

SCENE III.—*Jerusalem, a Public Place.*
ISRAELITES meeting EUPOLEMUS, the Jewish Amba-
sador to Rome.

RECIT.—*Eupolemus*.

Peace to my countrymen.—Peace and liberty;
From the great Senate of Imperial Rome,

With a firm league of amity, I come.
Rome, whate'er nation dare insult us more,
Will rouse, in our defence, her Veteran pow'r,
And stretch her vengeful arm by land or sea,
"To curb the proud, and set the injur'd free."

CHORUS.

To our great God be all the honour giv'n,
That grateful hearts can send from earth to
heav'n.

RECIT.—*Israelitish Woman.*

Again to earth let gratitude descend,
Praiseworthy is our hero and our friend :
Come my fair daughters, choicest art bestow,
To weave a chaplet for the victor's brow ;
And in your songs for ever be confess'd
The valour that preserv'd, the power that bless'd,
Bless'd you with hours, that scatter as they fly,
Soft, quiet, gentle love, and boundless joy.

DUET.—*Israelitish Women.*

O lovely peace, with plenty crown'd,
Come spread thy blessings all around,
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn,
Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound
But nature's songsters wake the cheerful morn.

AIR.—*Simon.*

Rejoice, O Judah, and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH! AMEN,

Rejoice, O Judah, and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

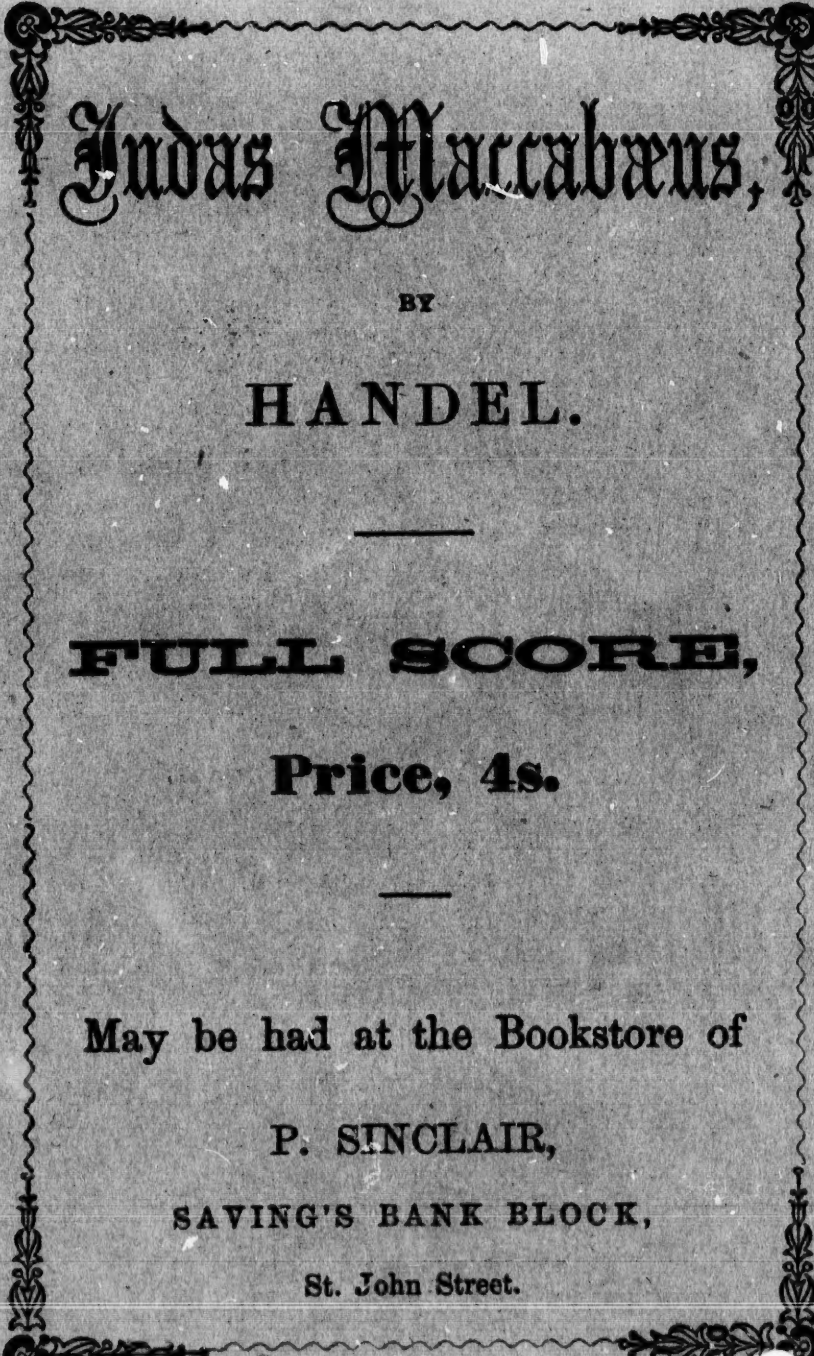
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